



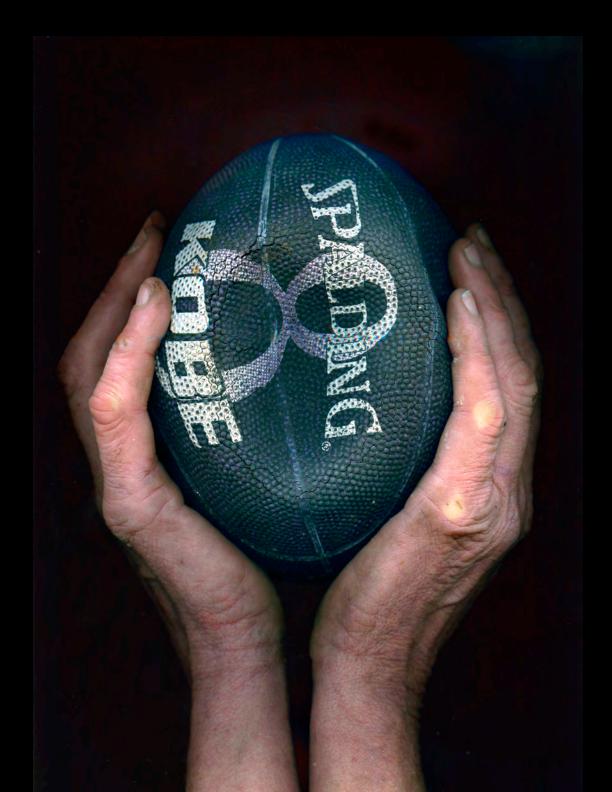




Hello it's Chip reporting live from Lakeview where I'm doing research in the guise of a demolition laborer who has discovered the truth, right out here on the curb, is a washing machine, a water heater, a big plastic tub full of stuffed animals and children's books, lots of Dr. Seuss, a cooking pot, a coffee maker, some cups, some flooring, a dishwashing tray, shutter doors, carpet, a sink, there's a subwoofer and a jar of peanut butter, a stack of mens magazines, some luggage and framed wall art, kind of abstract, a chair, a lot of chairs, a floor lamp, cushions and a big pile of pillows, a couch, stack of LP's & video cassettes. Now a mold mitigation technician walks by wearing white overalls, a breathing mask hanging from their neck, heres a good looking sealy posturepedic mattress, nothing wrong with it: credenza, dining room table, a dozen full hefty bags once tied closed someone has tore through, this ones full of Mardi Gras beads, more speakers, televisions, sneakers, t-shirts, a gallon jar of Power Mass 1000 body building supplement, a kids tricycle, a lot of clothes, a bunch of cans of Chef Boy Ar Dee, Eagle brand Condensed Milk, Oil of Olay Essential Vitamins for Women, more stereos, refrigerators; mouthwash and a taxidermied goose.



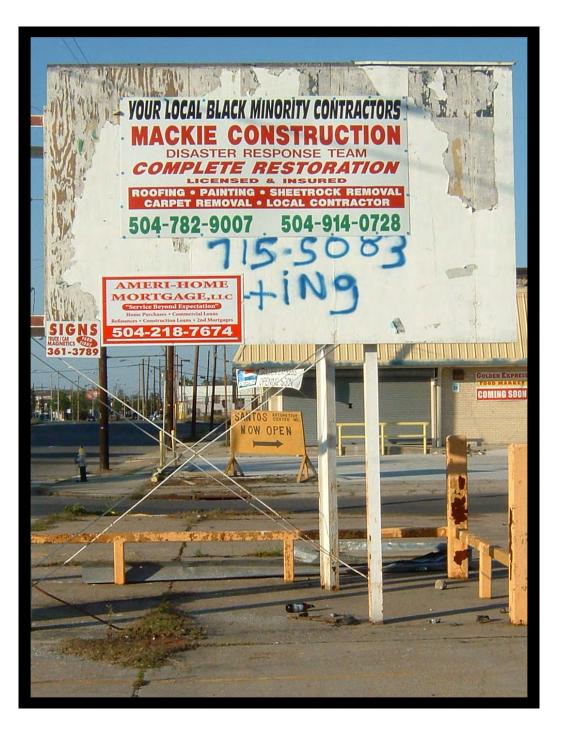




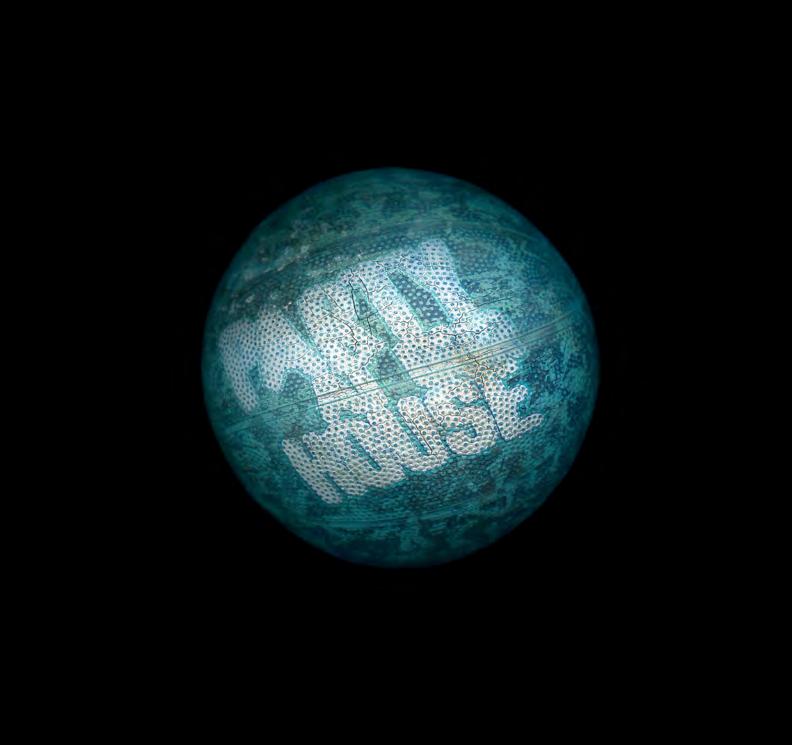
Sheen is Patina's slightly older brother. I know that sounds wrong, you think—Sheen comes way before Patina. It never happened. Sheen died, long before its molt to Luster, swallowed by Patina in one fell gulp, abducted from thousands of private domains into the Public, rolled out in the end by wheelbarrows to the sidewalk and dumped to be trucked away for landfill. As publisher of the Journal of Public Domain, I knew it was my job to come and observe this conversion. So I loaded my van and arrived in early October 2005, exited Interstate 610 at Elysian Fields in New Orleans and stopped at this intersection, though no traffic or sign or working light directed me. I saw a biblically scaled Whack Job, everywhere: ruined houses, flooded cars, boats, and a dead dog with four legs pointed straight at the sky amid scattered heaps of junk on the side of the road, including a miniature purple Kobe Bryant Basketball.

I retrieved it and got to where I was going. Wielding wrecking bars, gutting houses, pushing wheelbarrows. After work I drove around, very slowly, trying to comprehend. Where chaos surrounds, a sphere beckons—an oasis of salvage, a siren for rescue. The basketballs I saw were not just innocent but endangered. As the collection grew it resembled a constellation, a unique convocation, an orgy of misery loving company. Each rebound was like the drink of an alcoholic persuading the next. Until I had 92 natural elements of this story and had to consider how to care for them. I wanted to elevate them and remove their humiliating grime. I arrayed them in my backyard and on weekend afternoons selected Catastrophe Basketballs to scrub in my kitchen sink of hot soapy water. Some I then dried and compounded with Armor All for Tires, until I saw a hint of Sheen's return.

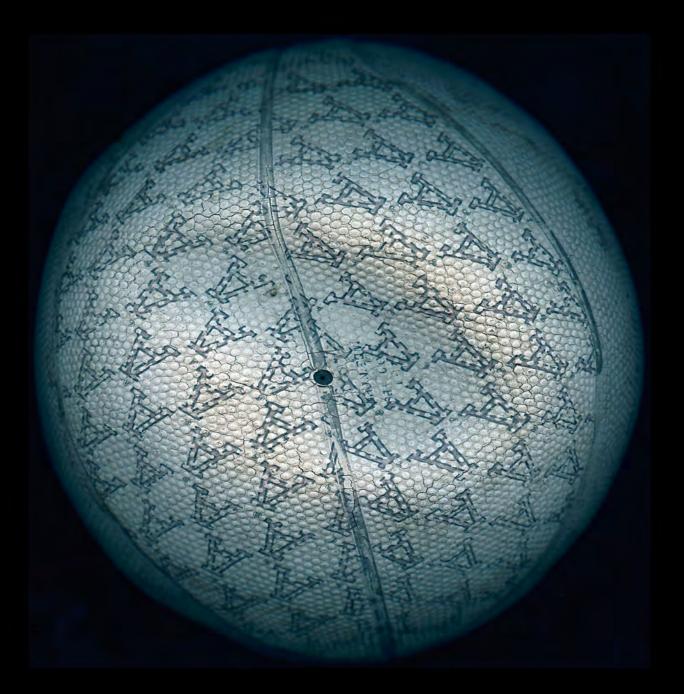
Chris Sullivan









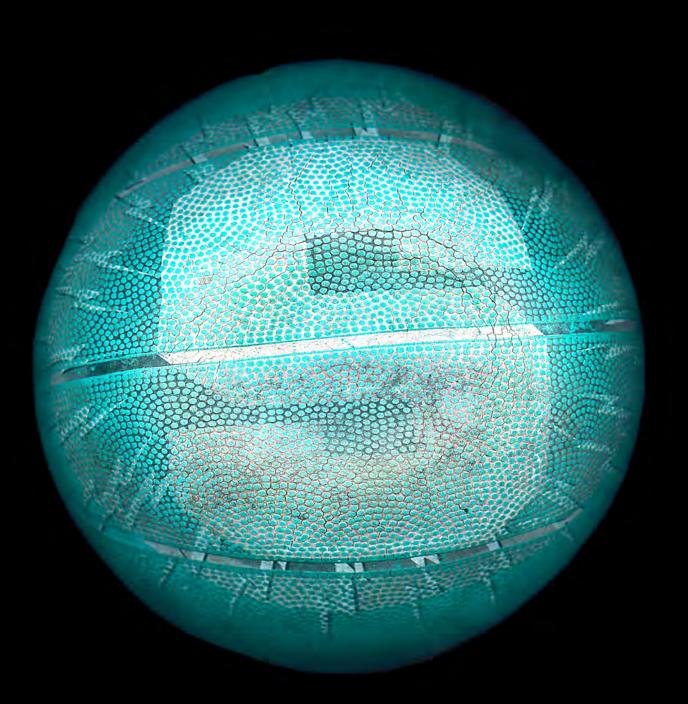




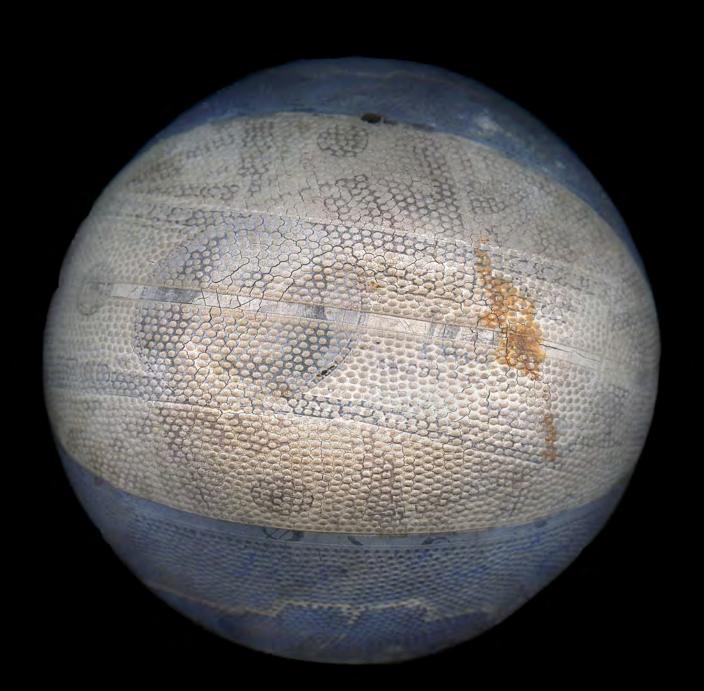




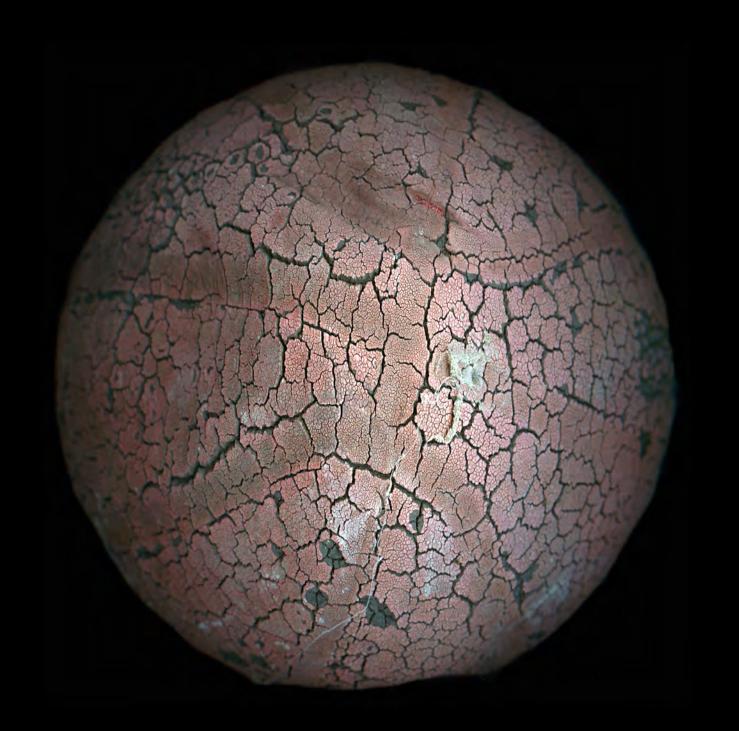




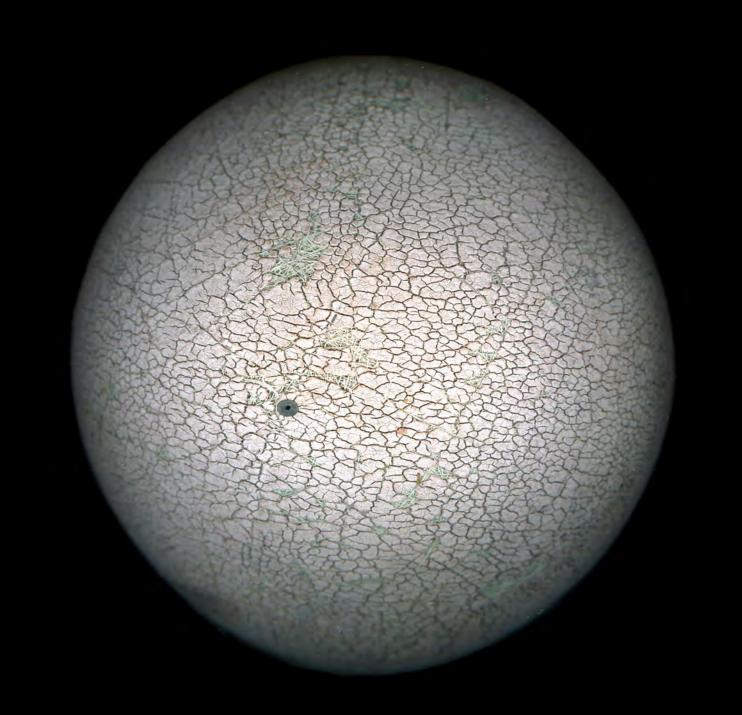


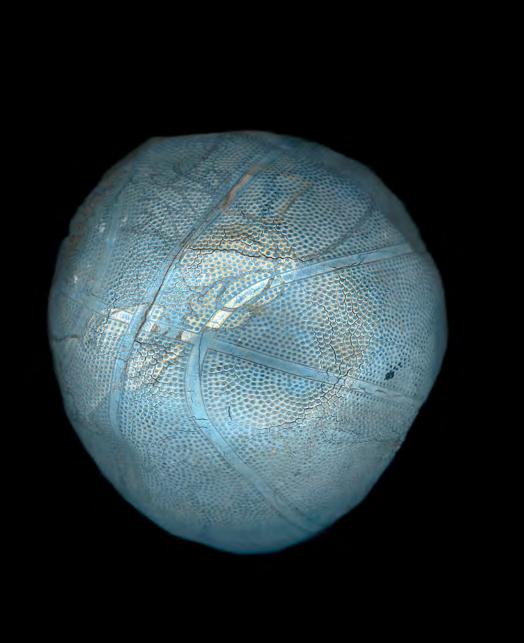














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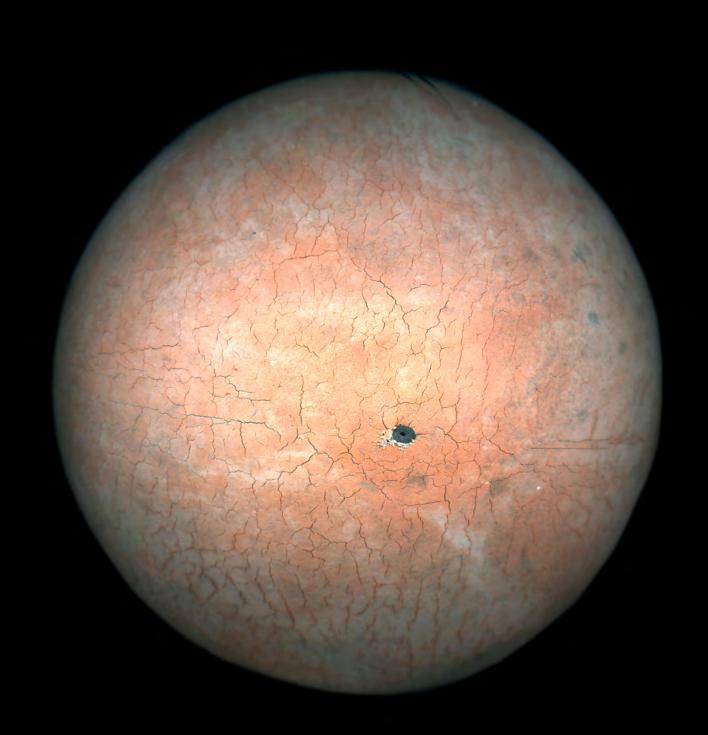




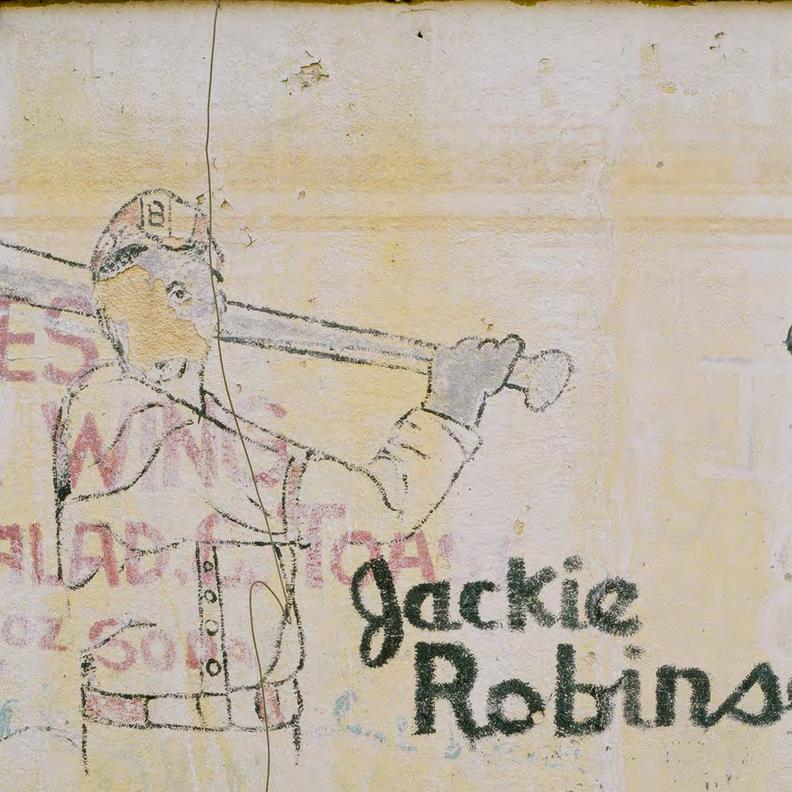












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